

THE GRAY FALCON

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CHAPTER XVII.

HE came to Jules one day with a trembling lip: "Jules, the last water cask is empty. I supposed it was full. It must have leaked out long ago."

"How much is there left?" asked Jules.

Her voice shook. "Not twice can the ewer be filled. Oh, Jules!"

"Nay, dear one, I can fill it up tonight. Do you know the exact locality of the spring?"

"I remember visiting it once or twice. I must pause a moment before I can tell you its direction from this spot. But it frightens me to think of your attempting such a dangerous feat."

"It is vitally necessary, if we remain here, which seems the best thing left us, until our provisions fail us, or we are convinced there is no hope of Emile's appearance."

"If it must be I consent; but upon one condition—I shall accompany you, Jules."

"My precious Chlotilde, not for the world."

"I insist upon it. Whatever happens to you I must share it with you; besides, I can recognize the spring at once, and you might search a long time for it."

"My beloved one, let me brave this little danger alone. What would Emile say to me if he knew I allowed you to venture out so far?"

"It does not matter; you shall allow it; you yield to it because there is no help for it. I should follow at all events."

"But it is not immediately necessary. We will be as prudent as possible, and Emile may yet arrive," replied Jules, resolved to rally forth secretly.

Lady Felicie put the vessel of water carefully aside, saying wistfully:

"It must not be before us to tempt us. How perverse in me! I was never so thirsty in my life!"

Jules deliberately poured out a glass and held it toward her.

"You shall not deny yourself while there is so much left to us."

She sipped it slowly.

"If we were to have no more, how much more precious than our pearls and diamonds would be the tiniest drop," said she, and handed it back only half empty.

"Now I must return to my post, and learn how near the sentinels approach us. Can it be possible for them to hear our voices when above us?"

"I think not, or Emile would have warned us."

"Oh, invaluable, all-wise Emile! what detains him!" groaned Jules, as he clambered up the stairway.

No sign came of any human presence throughout the day, and much emboldened by the circumstance, Jules took a pitcher and small pail and started forth as soon as evening came.

Lady Felicie followed silently behind him, notwithstanding his entreaty to the contrary.

They passed along softly, with the utmost caution, pausing every few steps to listen for any sound of alarm.

All was profound stillness, save that now and then a leaf dropped from a bough, or a bird with heavy wing thruth through the branches.

The spring was just a little way from the trodden pathway. It lay in its mossy bed like an inky mirror, with just one ripple of silver where a star beam from above slid through the canopy of leaves and gave it a tender kiss.

The trembling pair gave a sigh of relief. Jules hastily knelt down and dipped the pitcher into it. He turned and held it up to Chlotilde's lips. Draught of nectar from the very cup of Titania was outpoured by the refreshing coolness of the water.

Neither ventured to speak, but their hearts beat with joyful relief. Jules filled the pail to the brim and Chlotilde took the pitcher. She tripped lightly before him to open the door.

He spoke suddenly and sharply.

"Hurry, Chlotilde! go at once!"

She obeyed with a quick rush of terror, for she also caught the sound of hurrying steps, and gaining the tree, stood waiting his approach.

There came to her from the gloom of the shadowed pathway a fierce oath, a scuffle, and about for help.

Setting down the pitcher hastily, the girl bent out of the tree with white lips and horror-stricken eyes.

A quick rush of frantic steps—but whose? the companion of her hidden home of refuge, or the cruel spy? She could not stir, but stood paralyzed.

It was Jules. He dashed up to her, thrust her into the little room with impetuous haste, and closed the door.

The movement upset the pitcher, the precious water was lost, not a drop remained; for in his struggle with the man who had pounced upon him, Jules had dropped the bucket.

Then shivering and repressing the very sound of breathing, the pair listened to the eager talk going on outside, as a group of the sentinels gathered together in bewildered astonishment.

"This is certainly witchcraft!" ejaculated one.

"He was here a moment ago, and now he has gone. Peste! has he wings like a bird, or legs like a squirrel? It is always here, in this spot, that the villain disappears. Captain Pierre must hear of this. What a wise man

he is; in spite of all our doubts he declared they were in this forest, and so I venture to declare we shall find it."

"Beat up the bushes over there!" cried out another; "let's drag him out to-night, and earn the reward."

They went tramping all about the spot, and one struck his heavy pike against the tree trunk, making the girl spring back wildly.

Jules took her hand in both his, and held it firmly; the darkness concealed his quivering lip and flashing eye.

But presently the men were tired hunting over the vacant ground, and they dispersed to their separate stations.

Jules led his silent companion down to the lower room. She turned and threw herself into his arms with a sob of anguish.

"Jules, Jules, we shall perish together! there is a little comfort in that thought."

His breast was heaving. Too well he knew how little hope there was, even of such a melancholy end. He had learned enough from Emile, to feel convinced that she would be torn away from him at once.

"Yes, they will certainly mark the spot well. They will dig for traces of a secret passage; you heard them sounding the tree. Oh, that we had remained quiet. We have not even a glass of water to atone for the mishap."

They said nothing more concerning their apprehensions, but made no attempt at cheerfulness, and sat hand clasped in hand in utter silence.

Slowly and sadly wore away the night, and the next day. Neither could touch food, but their feverish thirst seemed to increase, as the precious water disappeared. By another nightfall there remained but a single wine-glass full.

"Drink it, Chlotilde!" exclaimed Jules, bitterly, as he saw her eyes dwell upon it wistfully; "by another day it will be of no consequence. That Pierre has been examining the place himself; he has ordered them to commence felling the trees by the morning light."

Lady Felicie clasped her hands, and her white lips moved prayerfully—then she said tremulously:

"M. Pierre! oh, Jules! shoot me with your pistol before you allow me to fall into his hands."

"Chlotilde, let us try to escape from the forest to-night, rather than be dragged forth by their triumphant hands."

"But whither shall we go?" asked she, sorrowfully.

He groaned in anguish.

"Whither, indeed! oh, Emile, Monsieur Emile, what has become of you?"

The words had hardly passed his lips ere a step was heard on the rude stairs leading to the secret door above.

They sprang up with cheeks growing still more ashy white, and turned wild glances to the aperture. Had their persevering enemy at last discovered the secret passage to them?

Hastily came the intruder downward—the lofty head stooped to clear the beam and then—oh, joy! oh, transport! they beheld the pale, excited, but triumphant face of Emile!

With a glad cry, Felicie fell down at his feet. His tears mingled with hers, as he raised her in his arms.

"My child, my beloved one! you are safe; I feared to find you completely prostrated, if yet alive."

Jules seized his hand in a transport of delight.

He gave them a few moments to relieve their excitement, then produced from the bundle he had brought, two disguises, both for peasants of the humblest class.

"Do not delay a second beyond what is absolutely necessary, but put them on at once, and take every valuable that you can conceal. The diamonds I will secrete on my own person."

Neither asked him a single question; but trusting him implicitly, gave thought only to thorough obedience.

In a few moments they were ready. Emile quietly took a powder from his pocket and rubbed it over the pale faces and hands; he gave to Jules a different shade of hair by a powerful liquid, and concealed the silky tresses of Felicie by a most unbecoming mantle twisted in turban fashion.

"Come now," said he, taking them each by the hand.

Still though their hearts beat anxiously, neither asked a single question. This implicit trust moved Emile, deeply; but he closed the door of the faithful tree which had protected them so long, and led them on in silence.

Jules looked around him with a wistful glance. Where were the sentinels? At least no sign of them was visible.

Unmolested they gained the outskirts. Emile pausing a moment, gazed all around him.

"It is well," murmured he; "Jean has not failed me. Now let us move swiftly, nor lose the propitious moment."

"The sentinels are removed!" exclaimed Jules, in utter astonishment.

"They are lying senseless on the ground," replied Emile, "a faithful fellow has carried them wine well drugged, and has taken it himself, to remove suspicion of his instrumentality in the affair. M. Pierre is welcome to dig to-morrow; we, I trust, shall be well on our way to Paris. I have the papers for the passage of the Gray Falcon and his cousins Jules and Chlotilde; I hope we will meet with no molestation. I started with the twain

and left them just below the forest; they are to make their way to the next town on foot. The spies on the road will not know but I have still the identical pair—the driver of the cart waiting for us is faithful to me. Give yourselves no uneasiness, dear children. All will be well."

"We do not fear, so long as it is you who plans," answered Chlotilde.

"May your generous trust be rewarded," responded he, fervently.

They were stopped many and many a time before they reached the desired haven; but the Gray Falcon's name was enough to give them safe passage, nor were they overtaken by messengers of M. Pierre, the event most dreaded by all.

The horrors had deepened in Paris. The unfortunate Louis had been led to the block, and the trial of the queen was already under consideration. The utmost lawlessness and blood-thirstiness prevailed everywhere.

The Gray Falcon was welcomed back with enthusiasm. He lodged his pretended relatives with an acquaintance, and went at once to his old club. Notwithstanding the abhorrence he felt for the sentiments which now reigned triumphant there, he felt that it was vitally necessary for him to seem to participate in them, and accordingly he delivered to them one of his old tirades—somewhat disappointing them, to be sure, with the moderation of his views.

Having thus established himself safe from suspicion, he proceeded to look up a little plot of ground and small cottage, at a safe distance from the city, and thither he conveyed his friends.

A little garden gave ostensible employment to Jules, and his fair companion made up bouquets, and sent them to the city regularly by a peasant boy, who was the unconscious bearer of dispatches between Emile and his disguised wards; for a bouquet, especially marked, was sent twice a week to Emile, and its fragrant blossoms concealed a guarded statement of present security.

And thus amidst the frightful carnage going on almost within sound of their voices, the pair dwelt in peaceful security. They had almost ceased to fear molestation, and Lady Felicie, growing quite accustomed to the light tasks which devolved upon her, had almost put away the old identity, and believed herself the humble Chlotilde of the cottage, when suddenly and harshly came to her the reminder of her former existence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FRENCH FASHIONS.

They Are Feminine Always and Never Exaggerated as Ours Are.

The "tailor-made" gown, severe in shape and scant in ornamentation, though occasionally worn in France, was never universally seen on well-bred folk, as it was for some years on English and American dames and maids, says the Chautauquan. It was English in taste and too plain to suit French fancy. Nor have the varying attempts at "common-sense dress," be it in the shape of bloomers, divided skirt or "rainy-day skirt," ever found adherents and wearers in France; nothing could be more remote from French taste, which is for woman's dress above everything else, thoroughly feminine. And even when masculine garments have been copied for women's wear they have received from French modemakers a touch or shape which has taken away their severity of outline. It is interesting to note that, though nearly all our fashions in America are French in origin and all receive their element of popularity and life from France, yet they are most frequently seen in extreme shapes in America. No truly elegant or modish Parisian dressmaker ever sent from her shop the enormous leg-of-mutton sleeves seen within the past two years in our great American cities. Nor would she offer the spreading skirts with heavy interlining throughout of stiff material. The French skirts were infinitely wide and flaring, but they were graceful and comparatively light. In America we accent the fashions and do not always improve them.

A BELLE AT EIGHTY.

Had a Lovely Neck and Arms and Wore Decollete Gowns.

Some years ago there was an old lady in one of the southern capitals who not only wore decollete ball dresses at 80, but actually possessed the lovely neck and arms which they require, says the New York Ledger. She was most innocently vain; and no wonder, for she was immensely flattered and her townspeople valued her charms far above those of her young and more beautiful rivals. She had a curious way of preparing for a ball, which our modern fashionable women, with their multitudinous engagements would find difficult to emulate. The morning before she proposed appearing in full regalia she would take a brisk walk and return in time for a midday dinner, after which she remained quiet with her work until about 3 or 4 o'clock, when she would retire to her bed, take a very hot pilsan to induce perspiration, and remain in bed (partaking of some light refreshment at the tea hour) until it was time to dress for her ball. Then she would get up, take a bath and make the most elaborate toilet. All the household regarded these preparations in the light of solemn rites, and would never have dreamed of laughing at them or interfering with them in any way. Her appearance was a triumph, never failing to excite the greatest admiration and adulation.

In Philadelphia—Her friend: "And when are you to be married?" She: "In three years. Charles, you know, is so impatient!"—Puck.

There are said to be in Michigan white cedar shingles now doing good service on roofs in that state that have been in full exposure and wear for over seventy-five years.

A Denver clergyman, on receipt of the usual half-fare pass, wrote to the superintendent: "Can you embrace my wife also?" To which the railroad man said he did not know, but he would like to see the clergyman's wife first, as he was rather fastidious about such matters.

On Time.

And very close too. That's what any one should be in treating one's self for inaction of the kidneys and bladder. The diuretic which experience indicates as supplying the requisite stimulation to the organs without exciting them is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay; kidney inaction and diseases are not far apart. For fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and nerve debility, also use the Bitters.

The United States has a greater variety of venomous flies than any other country. Several thousand species have been put upon the government list.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1893.

During the recent holidays every single girl over eighteen in the town of Brookstown, Ky., was married.

The Austin (Tex.) Statesman says "the descendants of the cavaliers are growing more and more into the Indian type. A typical southerner is tall, slim lantern-jawed, with high cheek bones and black hair and dark skin. His ancestors were fair haired whose posterity in England are still blondes, but in America are decidedly brunettes."

WHAT A STUPENDOUS LIE!

We hear a farmer say when he reads that John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., grew 173 bushels of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre in 1893. Don't you believe it? Just write him! You see Salzer's seeds are bred up to big yields. And Oats 230 bushels, corn 260, Wheat 60 bushels, Potatoes 1,600 bushels, Grasses 6 tons per acre, etc., etc.

\$100.00 FOR 10 CENTS.

Just Send This Notice With 10 Cents stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get 12 farm seed samples, worth \$10, to get a start. w.n.

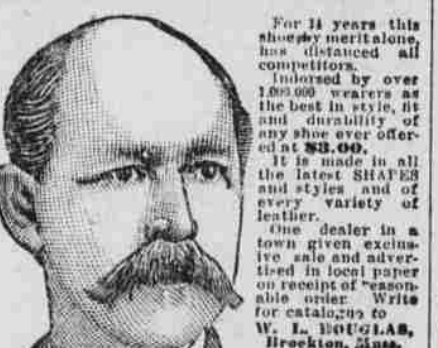
The number of convicts in the Maryland penitentiaries has increased 20 per cent in the last three years.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: W. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Without wishing to encourage the world in gabbles, we may state that the goldenness of silence is over-estimated. The mute inglorious oyster is always getting into broils, stews and hot water.

1,340,000 CONSTANT WEARERS. DOUGLAS \$9.95 SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.



TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a makeshift rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. It is for sale in your town, write for catalogue to W. L. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS. Salzer's Seeds are Guaranteed to Produce. John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., assembled the world with a yield of 173 bu. of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Just write him. In order to gain, in 1893, 100,000 new customers, we send on trial 10 BUCKLES WORTH 10c. 10 bags of new and rare farm seeds, including above Barley, Potatoes, Giant Spurry, Red Potatoes, etc. Write for list of testimonials. Address: W. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Just before his death C. Jerome Cary of Milwaukee, directed that his body be cremated and the ashes used to nourish a certain rose bush. He further directed that the roses be distributed among his friends.

The Nevada man who had seven homely daughters, for a box of cigars got the local editor to publish a rumor that he was a desperate old miser who had seven barrels of gold buried in his cellar, and all his daughters were married off in four months from that date.

Tokio has adopted the arch system for the two miles of elevated railroad which it has been decided to build there at a cost of \$2,000,000.

Few animals possess the sense of smell in a greater degree than the horse.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS. Over 401,000 cures. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

The Mormons are said to employ 2,200 missionaries, which is about one to every 100 members of their church.

GET STRENGTH AND APPETITE. Use Dr. Hatter's Iron Tonic. Your druggist will refund money if not satisfactory.

In the southern districts of China horseshoes are made of cane and bamboo.

The Zulus of Africa contributed \$4,000 last year to the support of their native churches.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Virgil says that "the first driver of a four-in-hand was Erichthonius."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The first English riding academy was founded by William III.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

In Christian art the horse symbolizes goodness and generosity.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Close observers declare that the horse really sheds tears when grieved.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Military physicians in India prescribe opium as a harmless tonic for soldiers in fatiguing marches.

Be quick, a mouse is at the cheese! Just so NEURALGIA, like a mouse, nibbles and gnaws at the nerves. ST. JACOBS OIL, like a trap, SEIZES, STAYS, AND FINISHES THE PAIN.

THE BEST My new Steel Forepaw will save your paws at farrowing, my Watering Troughs keep hogs healthy. I will send samples of each free to advertise. Look on page 600. J. N. REIMERS, 307 H. St., Davenport, Iowa.

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Machines are so constructed that strong claims for them are justified. The machine you want will cost you more than the other kind, for the simple reason that it is worth more; that's all—there's no other reason—and in the end you'll be glad you paid the difference, because there's nothing cheaper than the best. McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago, The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester, The Light-Running McCormick New & Steel Mower, The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and The Light-Running McCormick Dairy Separator, for sale everywhere.